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VOTES FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY FREDERICK AND EMMELINE PETHICK LAWRENCE

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MR. ASQUITH'S CHRISTMAS CAROL

WILL MR. ASQUITH COPY SCROOGE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING?

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DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper.

THE OUTLOOK

We wish all our readers a very happy Christmas, filled with the highest gifts which life has to offer.

To the Fighters

To those who are already workers in the great fight for the emancipation of womanhood we would say:—May this holiday time give you fresh strength for your work, fresh comprehension of the meaning of the struggle, fresh inspiration, and fresh enthusiasm, so that when the New Year comes and the battle begins again, you may go forward without regret and without bitterness in the confident determination to win speedy victory.

To the Lookers On

To those who are outside the struggle we would say:—At this season of peace and goodwill it rests with you to determine that this terrible conflict between the Government and the women of the country shall be brought to an end. Do not confuse law with justice and imagine that the reason for the present strife is the lawlessness of certain women. Its cause lies very much deeper, in the total refusal of the Prime Minister to be guided in his dealings with women by the principles of Liberalism, and in his determination to employ every form of political trickery to prevent the satisfaction of their legitimate demand. These methods have throughout history invariably brought about disorder, and the present is no exception to the rule. You can only bring the conflict to an end by compelling the Government of the country to do justice.

Explosion at Holloway Gaol

We print elsewhere an account of the explosion which occurred last week at Holloway Gaol, and which has been attributed to suffragettes. From the later reports it appears that life was not endangered, so that it is possible that the surmise as to the origin of the explosion is correct. If so, what a terrible commentary it provides on the way in which the Government have mishandled an agitation which in its earlier stages eschewed every form of aggressive violence!

Contents of "Votes for Women"

Among the special contents of this issue is the text of an amusing suffrage play, written by Miss Joan Dugdale, which, with its political satire and witty dialogue, will provide excellent reading for Christmas. On pages 190 and 191 we republish in miniature a selection of the cartoons which have appeared during the year. These will give to our readers a panorama of the year's history. An article by Mr. John Scurr strikes a deeper note, and there is also a special Christmas contribution from Miss Mary Neal. In our issue next week we shall give a four-page summary of the events of the year, which will be found of great value to all.

Items of Note.

A Bill dealing with the naturalisation laws is promised for next session, so that citizens of the colonies may not be excluded from citizenship here. Women will scrutinise this Bill to see whether it removes the injustice attaching to British women, who at present lose their nationality on marrying a foreigner. Australian women are not subject to this indignity in their own country.

Some mild excitement is being shown in the Press over the revelations in the Census returns of 10,026,379 "unoccupied" women in England and Wales as against only 2,208,535 "unoccupied" men. We note, however, that 5,950,093 of these women are married, and we should very much like to know if they consider themselves "unoccupied."

It is announced that with the sanction of the Bishop of London special intercession is to be made in the churches "For the Preservation of Peace in Ireland." We had previously understood that the opposition to the offering of prayers in church for tortured suffragists in prison was based on the undesirability of introducing politics into the church service. We see now that we must have been mistaken.

10, CLOWNING STREET

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By Joan S. Dugdale

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CHARACTERS.

The Right Hon. Anthony Foljambe, M.P. — The Prime Minister.
Arthur Featherstone ..... His Private Secretary.
The Hon. Geoffrey de Haughten ..... His Assistant Secretary.
Isabella ..... } His Daughters.
Judith ..... }
Enid ..... }
Mr. Marchmount ..... Editor of the "Daily Discriminator," a leading London paper.

Scene: The Prime Minister's study in Clowning Street.

Time: About 11 a.m.

(The room is furnished in the usual fashion of men's studies; everything—the leather chairs, writing-table, placed like an altar in the centre of the room, waste-paper basket and massive clock on the mantlepiece—being on a large scale. The writing-table is covered with neatly arranged reference books and official-looking papers. At the back of the room is a door, leading to an ante-room, through which visitors are ushered; another door to the right leads into the passage.

Geoffrey de Haughten, *seated at the writing-table, engaged in sorting letters and placing them in separate heaps before him. He is a young man of weedy, aristocratic appearance, to whom every movement seems an effort; takes up the letters in the tips of his long fingers, eyes them vacantly, and is so slow and unbusinesslike, that if one did not know that his father had won fame as the "Tory renegade Peer," one would wonder what qualifications had secured him his post. He ponders some moments over each letter, murmuring, "Private, public. Public, private," to himself all the while.*

Enter Arthur Featherstone, *a fair-haired, nice-looking, carefully dressed young man, who would not strike one at first sight as possessing capabilities beyond the average. He carries a leather dispatch-box and places it on the table with an important air, then looks at the clock and exclaims joyfully.)*

de H. *(looking up):* Hullo!

F. *(approaching the table):* Hullo! What are you sitting there for? Get out of that. You're not the Prime Minister. That's my place till he comes.

*(*de H. *slips out of the chair and sits down opposite,* F. *taking his place.)*

F. *(grumbling, taking up one of the piles of letters):* Good Lord! How many more! I shan't be able to get my game of golf in this afternoon, with all these fools to answer!

de H. *(priggishly):* Surely the good of the State comes before games!

F.: Good of the State be——*(Can't find the right word.)* You won't spout that sort of stuff when you've been here as long as I have, my boy! *(Flings the letters over to him.)* Go on opening them and read out any that are important.

de H. *(innocently):* The ones that want something, I suppose?

F.: You won't find one that doesn't want something! That's the rotten part of a Democratic Government! Gives the people absurd ideas of their own importance, till they think they can dictate to us through the post, and that this is a sort of Ask-and-You-Shall-Receive Bureau. It's getting worse every day!

de H. *(shocked):* Oh, I say! If people heard you say that, they'd think you a Tory!

F.: No fear! I know which way my bread's buttered! Get on with those as quick as you can, while I draft this Bill out. *(Buries his head first in the dispatch-box, and then in the mass of papers he extracts. Both proceed in silence a few moments.)*

de H. *(looking up, suddenly):* Oh, I say, Featherstone, The P.M. sent down word he'd be rather late this morning, because he's having a bath for his rheumatism with some new salt from Germany!

F.: Damn his rheumatism! That means I shall have to do everything. It's beastly unfair taking salt baths, instead of doing the job he's paid for!

de H. *(after a few moments silence):* Featherstone! *(No answer.) (Again, rather timidly)* Featherstone! *(No answer from Featherstone, who, from his expression, is in the throes of a difficulty himself)* I say, Featherstone!

F. *(without looking up):* What?

de H.: I say, is this important? It's from the United Brotherhood of Northern Mining Independents.

F. *(impatiently):* Well, what do they want?

de H. *(reading):* Increase of wages——

F.: Of course!

de H.: Shorter hours——

F. *(snorts).*

de H.: And a coal benefit once a fortnight——

F.: What next?

de H. *(still looking at the letter):* "The owner, a 'something' Tory, has refused point blank to concede their demands——"

F.: Quite right. I admire his spirit!

de H. *(reading)* "Will the Prime Minister receive a deputation on the subject? Next week, or at your earliest convenience?"

F.: I like their cheek! Why, he's got more Deputations that he'll have breath for, next week! Chuck it away. No, wait a sec. Better look up how many votes they've got, between 'em.

de H. *(consults a reference book on the table and reads out):* "United Brotherhood of Northern Mining Independents—a large and powerful body, founded on a religious basis. Said to control 7,000 votes."

F. *(groans):* We shall have to have them. *(Turns over the pages of a diary, biting his nails, with a worried brow.)* Wonder if I can sandwich them in between the Druid Bards and the Street Noises people? . . . Not a moment, unless he sees them in his bath! Like Robespierre, the chap who was murdered by a Suffragette! *(Laughs at his own wit.)*

de H. *(in doubt):* Was it Robespierre? I thought he escaped to America and founded the United States?

F.: Not he! She did for him, right enough. By the way, we haven't heard much of the Suffs lately! They'll be quite snuffed out when the P.M.'s Bill comes in. . . . I wonder what Clementina will take on next?

(Telephone bell rings.)

F.: Go on, answer it.

de H. *(answering):* Yes? Yes? What? What? What name? I can't hear. . . . Mr. Marchmount. Oh, all right. *(Cuts off connection.)* Mr. Marchmount says he's coming round at once to see the P.M. about some Bill or other.

F.: The Women's National Service Bill, I suppose? What on earth did you cut him off for? You ought to have let me speak to him.

de H. *(huffed):* He didn't ask for you.

F.: What else did he say?

de H. *(stiffly):* He said he would rather not bring it out in the Press until he had talked to the P.M. about it. *(Goes on opening letters, and sticks at one of them.) (After a pause.)* I say, Featherstone, this is rather funny! Listen to this *(reads):* "Dear Father,—I am writing to tell you that I think it will be very difficult for me to remain here much longer. When you spoke of my filling a place in the world and doing my duty to my country, I had no idea it would be so unpleasant. I feel my patriotism has degenerated since I have been here; I——"

F. *(suddenly waking up and seizing the letter. Turning to the signature):* I say, hold hard! It's from Isabella! You've no business to open letters marked "Private."

de H. *(aggrieved, taking up the envelope):* It's not marked "Private."

F. *(scanning the rest of it):* I say, this is awful! There'll be a nice row if this comes out! The P.M. will be furious.

(Knock at the door. A voice outside, "Telegram, sir." de H. *goes to the door and brings the telegram to* F., *who opens it.)*

F. *(reading):* "Have left Stevenson and Brown, and am on my way home.—Enid." *(To himself.)* Great Scott! This will upset everything!

*(*de H. *eyes him in amazement. Telephone bell rings.)*

de H. *(answering):* Yes?

F.: Who is it?

de H. *(into the telephone):* Who is it? *(To* F.*)* There seems to be someone very angry the other side!

*(*F. *tries to take the receiver, but* de H. *clings to it as though hypnotised.)*

de H. *(into the 'phone):* I'm de Haughten, the Prime Minister's Assistant Secretary. What? Oh! . . . *(Listens, his eyes widening with surprise and horror. Puts the receiver down with a gasp.)* I say, someone using most awful language! Things I can't repeat! Something about the Bill and letting it go to the devil. Couldn't make out who it was. Perhaps she thought I was you! She said she was Judith!

F. *(in consternation):* Judith! Then it's all up!

(Enter Mr. Foljambe, *the Prime Minister, a heavily built, square-faced man, with a large nose of the type that denotes a certain amount of acquired intelligence, small eyes, without any sympathy in them, and a large, weak mouth. Walks in with the air of a man thoroughly satisfied with himself.)*

The P.M.: Good morning, both of you. *(To* de H.*)* How are you getting on?

de H. *(innocently, with the self-confidence of incompetency):* Oh, quite well, thank you, Sir.

P.M. *(To* F.*):* Anything to see to, Featherstone?

F. *(guiltily, hiding the letter and telegram hastily under some papers):* Oh—I—er—ah—I've been looking up the date for you to see some coal people. They——

P.M. *(going to mirror and adjusting his tie, while he eyes himself complacently):* Nothing important, I suppose? Read it out. By the way, before you do anything else, I want a very polite letter written to Messrs. Saltz-Krantz, the German salt people. They've been very civil, sending me a large case of anti-rheumatic salt, and I want to thank them for it. Wonderful stuff! I feel I could tackle anything, even a Suffragette, after that bath this morning. I'll sign the letter myself.

F.: Very well, Sir. *(Writes busily for a moment, while the* P.M. *looks through a newspaper. Telephone bell in corner rings.)*

F. *(answering it, addressing the* P.M.*):* Mr. Marchmount is here, Sir.

P.M. *(roused out of his paper):* About that Woman's Bill business, I suppose. Ask him to come up. *(Resumes his reading, and* F. *his laborious attempts at a German letter, with the aid of a dictionary.)*

(Enter Mr. Marchmount, *an individual of the Yankee type, with an alert mind and a keen eye for business. His attitude towards the* P.M. *is that of a social inferior, who is able to confer benefits the former cannot do without. His tone is therefore assured, and at times familiar.)*

P.M. *(rising to greet him with great cordiality):*

Glad to see you, Marchmount. Sit down. *(M. sits to right of P.M. F. gives whispered instructions to DE H., and they both go out.)* You're looking well.

M. : So are you.

P.M. : Yes. It's some salt from Germany I've been trying. You might make a good thing out of it, perhaps, if you puffed it in your papers a bit.

M. : On the Standard Bread system, I suppose!

P.M. *(laughs, then suddenly assumes a serious manner):* You wanted to see me about the Woman's Bill, didn't you? My Bill?

M. : Yes. Dove-Williams told me something about it last night, and I'd like to get it out before anyone else. He said it was a wonderful idea.

P.M. : It is. It knocks all the others we have brought out into a cocked hat.

M. : Really? Who is responsible?

P.M. : Dove-Williams and I thought it out between us. You see, we have had about enough of these Suffrage women and their antics. We shan't hear them again when my Bill is law.

M. : I suppose you haven't let them get wind of it, have you?

P.M. : No, not a word. The only women who know about it are my daughters, and they are all Anti-Suffrage to the backbone. *(Triumphantly.)* I tell you, Marchmount, it's going to take those Suffrage women completely by surprise. It will be passed into law at once, and then they will pass into its clutches.

M. : They may kick at it, then.

P.M. : They won't be able to. My Bill is specially framed to take the kicking out of them.

M. : I'd like to know how you're going to perform that miracle?

P.M. *(after a pause, which he means to be very significant):* To make a long matter short, Dove-Williams and I have discovered that the women at the bottom of this agitation are the unmarried ones; those at a "loose end," as Binston so aptly remarks. Unfortunately, we can't provide them all with husbands; there aren't enough to go round. . . . What can you give them? . . . . Work. . . . That's the answer. Something to do. Let them feel they are some use in the world, these unmarried females clamouring for Votes, in other words, for attention, and they'll soon stop shouting.

M. : I doubt if Clementina and the Red Hot Ones will. It'll take a good deal to muzzle them, I should say.

P.M. *(rather irritated):* I tell you it's been worked out scientifically to meet every case. We put Sir James Crouchington, of the Eugenics Society, on to it, and he says there's no doubt these women are possessed. We can't allow the nation to deteriorate through this sort of thing. It's got to be stopped, and my Bill is going to stop it.

M. : Rather a pity all this wasn't discovered before.

P.M. : No. One has to wait and see how these agitations take shape before coming to grips with them. Science and deep thinking have solved this problem in one word, and now the cure is going to be applied as soon as possible.

M. : Sort of kill and cure together!

P.M. : Exactly. *(Opens a drawer and takes out a sheaf of papers fastened together.)* Now I'll give you the details if you will listen. To put it in a nutshell: it obliges every unmarried, or otherwise unattached, unemployed woman in the country, over the age of twenty-one, to go out and enter some employment.

M. *(astonished):* You don't mean to say it's to apply to women of all classes?

P.M. : Certainly. How should I get the support of the Labour men, otherwise? You know how important it is to keep in with them now. Mackenzie swallowed the Bill whole directly he heard Peers' daughters would not be exempt.

M. : I don't quite see how you are going to work it, though? Half the girls in the country know about nothing but love-making and curling their hair!

P.M. : Those are the marrying sort, so we shan't have to do with many of them. Lady Grantham thinks this Bill will not only kill Woman Suffrage, but solve the Domestic Servant Problem!

M. : Oh! Lady Grantham's got her finger in the pie, too, has she?

P.M. *(with dignity):* Lady Grantham has given it the feminine touch it needed by advising me on several small matters. She's delighted, because she says it will encourage early marriages.

M. *(warningly):* Don't let that out, then. You'll put every Suffragette's back up if you do. She's President of the Anti's, isn't she?

P.M. : Yes; but she won't be President much longer.

M. : What? D'you mean to say she's turned the other way about?

P.M. : Of course not. She's going to dissolve the League next week, to show there's nothing left to fight against. Her resignation and the Anti Suffrage dissolution will follow the introduction of my Bill.

M. : I see. The final stamp on the Suffragettes' grave!

P.M. : I hope so. *(Turns over pages of the document in his hand.)* Naturally, it will pass without opposition, being a Government measure. The Opposition are voting with us. We're all one at bottom on Woman Suffrage, you know; don't want it at any price.

M. : Better not let *that* out, I suppose.

P.M. : Safest not, though it's an open secret. I want you to work all this very cleverly. On

[Block kindly lent by "Daily Sketch."

"It's got to be stopped, and my Bill is going to stop it."

the lines of Standard Bread and the Boy Scouts. I want the women in the country to take to it, and there's one great thing to start upon—the fact that the three daughters of the Prime Minister have already gone out to work.

M. *(astonished):* What?

P.M. : Yes, last week, under assumed names. They wanted to rush off directly, they were so keen.

M. *(overcome):* Well, I don't know which is the most wonderful; your daughters or the advertisement!

P.M. : What remains now is to work up the young women of Great Britain to follow their example.

M. *(musing):* I see. You want me to make it the fashion?

P.M. *(with averted head, in a broken voice):* Naturally, parting with my three darlings has been most painful to me—wrenched me to the uttermost depths of my being; but I want to show the country I am prepared to sacrifice even my nearest and dearest for its benefit.

M. *(taking out a gold pencil and writing on the back of an envelope):* I'll put that in verbatim. Anything in the family sentiment line takes like hot cakes with the British public. What do you think of headlines like these: "Prime Minister's Daughters Set Example of National Devotion and Duty," or "Prime Minister Parts with his Daughters—Tearful yet Resolute"? I wish I had some photographs to illustrate it with.

P.M. *(suddenly inspired):* Why not go and interview them?

M. *(delighted):* That's a good idea. I'll send off a special reporter to each of them at once. Where are they?

P.M. : Well, Isabella, the eldest, confessed she had always longed to be a parlourmaid, and has gone off in that capacity to one of the Labour Members; Judith developed a sudden passion for laundry work, and is in the Snowdrop Laundry at Stonehenge; while Enid is measuring ribbons behind the counter in Birmingham.

M. *(still overcome):* Well, you ought to carry the country and the Bill on that! Poor Clementina, her day is done!

P.M. : Oh, she'll marry. I know several nice young members who admire her complexion.

M. : She may. One always finds those sort of women tame down wonderfully in matrimonial harness.

P.M. *(regretfully):* I wish she were tame now. There are some points in my Bill I'd like to discuss with her.

M. *(rises):* I must be off. You can trust me to make as big a thing out of it as possible.

P.M. : Send me the papers as soon as you can, won't you?

M. : You shall have the first copy that's rolled off by special messenger.

(Voices raised in the ante-room. F. expostulating. A girl's voice very loud and clear: "I don't care if all the editors in London are with him. I'm going in!")

P.M. : What's that? It sounds like——

(Enter a girl dressed in an ill-fitting black serge coat and skirt and a cheap black sailor hat perched on her coppery hair. Her face is flushed and her brown eyes are shining with anger. In spite of the humbleness of her attire, her manner is full of authority, determination, and fearlessness.)

P.M. *(eyeing her in amazement):* Judith! What the——! Why! Where have you come from! *(F., who has followed her into the room, and M., eye her with interest and curiosity.)*

J. *(coolly, sitting down and taking off her hat):* From the Snowdrop Laundry, Stonehenge. Didn't you get my message?

P.M. *(still groping):* Oh, I see, they've given you a holiday?

J. : No. I've taken one, a permanent one.

P.M. *(the truth dawning on him):* What do you mean?

J. : I mean that I'm not going back.

P.M. *(furious):* What? Do you mean to say you have thrown it up already? After all your promises and fine language! Faugh! I'm disgusted with you. Just like a woman!

J. *(unmoved):* I'm very sorry, but I can't help it. *(Shuddering.)* Ugh! I couldn't stay there.

P.M. *(furiously):* But you must, you shall. You agreed to go, and you must stick to it. *(Turning to MARCHMOUNT.)* Why, you are coming out in the *Daily Distractor* and a host of other papers to-morrow, photographs, interviews, and I don't know what beside.

J. : Mr. Marchmount can interview me here. I shall be delighted to give him my experiences.

(M. bows and takes out his gold pencil.)

J. *(addressing MARCHMOUNT):* I suppose the P.M. has been telling you about his Bill, hasn't he?

M. *(trying to smooth matters):* Yes, and I'm tremendously interested. It's going to smash up Woman Suffrage for good. You approve of that, surely, don't you?

P.M. *(swallowing his wrath):* Of course she does. Why, she's a Vice-President of the Anti-Suffragists, and has secured thousands of names for their petition. Haven't you, Judy?

J. *(doggedly):* I shan't get any more.

P.M. *(triumphantly):* You won't need to. The Anti's are dissolving next week, because there's no further need of them. The Suffragettes will be as extinct as the Dodo when my Bill comes in.

J. : Not quite. Directly your Bill becomes law, I'm going to join the Militants, Red-Hot-Ones. They'll have one fresh recruit, at any rate!

P.M. : My dear Judith, if you say things like that we shall think you are going off your head. Something has upset you. I think you had better go to your room and compose yourself.

J. *(without stirring):* I may have been mad a week ago, but I'm not now. It's your Bill that's mad. *(Continuing, gradually firing up as she speaks.)* What do you know about women's work and its conditions? If you did, you had no business to send me off as you did in cold blood to that laundry. You know nothing about it, so you have no business to legislate for it. Why, I know a thousand times more than you now. . . . I'm thankful I've had my week's misery. It's opened my eyes; taught me what women have to go through when they're not sheltered behind padded front doors like ours. *(Takes off her jacket, and walks across the room to place it on a chair opposite.)* I know laundries from top to toe now. I'll take Lady Grantham's place when there's any laundry legislation to be done in future. I'm an expert now!

P.M. *(attempting to belittle her):* Pooh! After a week!

J. : A week is enough when you're doing the job yourself. A day is enough when one is miserable and surrounded with misery as I have been for the last week. I've been so harrowed I feel I shall never be the same again. Oh, it's awful, awful! *(Bursts into tears.)*

P.M. *(scornfully):* Awful! What's awful! You're

[Block kindly lent by "Daily Sketch."

"You're getting hysterical."

getting hysterical. Don't take any notice of her Marchmount.

J. *(taking a tear-stained face out of her handkerchief)*: To see those women having all the life taken out of them—quite young girls, some of them, and so pretty, or would be if they weren't as washed out as the clothes they handle—wrung out, mangled, and sweated, at three and four shillings a week! *(Turning to* Marchmount.*)* Do you know they go there at seven, and don't come out till eight or nine in the evening sometimes, and then they are so tired, they hardly have the energy to crawl home. I call it beastly. I never knew such things existed. It makes me sick to think of!

P.M. *(sneering)*: I can see, they found out who you were, and laid it on to get your sympathy.

J. *(rising and facing him in a fury)*: You don't believe me? You think I'm a liar? Go and see for yourself, then, you—you—— *(Chokes.)* But if you *did* go, you wouldn't see anything. You're blind to everything in the world except yourself and what will serve your narrow, puny, petty, miserable, selfish, old interests!

(The P.M., *with his arm raised, advances threateningly towards her. J. defies him. F. appears at the door, looking scared.)*

F. *(in a terrified tone)*: Miss Isabella is here, Sir. She's ill. Something has happened! I think she has fainted!

(They all rush pell-mell into the ante-room. Babel of voices, the P.M.'s *raised above the rest.)*

P.M.: Bring her in here, can't you? Quick! Lift her up. Here. Put her on the sofa.

(Enter Featherstone *and* Marchmount, *carrying a tall, deathly pale girl in a servant's cotton frock, cap, and apron. The long white streamers of her cap drag on the floor. They lay her on the sofa and stand round. F. fans her face with a notebook, J. kneels down by her side, the* P.M. *rings the bell frantically.)*

Isabella *(sitting up, looking dazed)*: What is it? Where am I? *(Looks blankly at her father.)* Do you want me, Sir?

P.M.: There, I told you she was all right. A lot of fuss over nothing.

J. *(with her arm round her sister)*: It's all right, Belle, you're at home. There's nothing to be frightened about.

I. *(putting her feet to the floor)*: I remember now. Am I really home again? Oh dear! I had the most awful difficulty to get back. I had no money, so I've walked the whole way from Lavender Hill!

J.: Oh, Isabel! No wonder you're half dead!

I.: It's a wonder I'm here at all, with that row of policemen at the bottom of the street! They insisted I was a Suffragette, and two of them twisted my arms when I ran up the steps. If George hadn't opened the door at that moment and recognised me, they would have arrested me, I believe!

P.M. *(with a groan)*: Great Scott! It will be all over London in half an hour! You fool, why can't you keep quiet, instead of coming up and disgracing me? I ought never to have let you out of the house. I might have known you'd go and make a mess of it. Women can't do a thing alone. You're all fools, damned fools, every one of you!

J.: You forget Mr. Marchmount is here, father, with half a dozen newspapers to put everything you say into. And if we *are* fools, I'm sure it isn't our fault. I didn't know I was a fool until I went into the Snowdrop Laundry. I can thank them for teaching me that much!

M. *(his journalistic senses alert)*: Perhaps Miss Foljambe could give us some of the causes that led to her taking this step?

I.: Causes! I was starved and sweated and bullied and insulted! I suppose that's cause enough?

P.M.: As parlourmaid in a Member of Parliament's family! A staunch Labour Member, too! You expected to do the grand lady, I suppose?

I.: I never expected anything of the sort. But I thought at least Labour Members would treat their servants properly, since they're supposed to stand for the down-trodden classes and all that sort of thing! I don't believe in Labour Members any longer. They're a lot of humbugs!

P.M. *(angrily)*: Take care! I will not allow those faithful, humble colleagues of mine to be insulted.

I.: Humble! They may be humble in the House of Commons, but they're not humble in their homes! You should have heard Mr. Robinson shouting for his supper when he came home!

M.: Ah, this sounds interesting. Tell us all about it, Miss Foljambe.

I.: To begin with, I was general servant, not parlourmaid at all. They expected me to do all the work of the house, even cleaning the boots and minding the baby! I had to get up at five, and never got to bed till twelve, and when Mr. Robinson was late in the House of Commons, Mrs. Robinson had to sit up for hours because he insisted on having something hot when he came home! I told her she ought to go on strike and refuse to do it any longer!

P.M.: I hope she had more sense than to listen to such rubbish.

I.: She *did* listen. Last night she went to bed and left him a cold supper on the table.

J.: Oh, Belle, what happened?

I.: Oh, an awful scene. He woke up everyone in the house, and this morning I was sent for.

J.: Weren't you terrified?

I.: I was, rather. I took the kitchen shovel to defend myself with, in case anything happened!

P.M.: Disgraceful! To think that a daughter of mine should do such a thing!

I.: Well, Papa, Mr. Robinson was so furious, I thought I'd better be on the safe side. He said I'd been making revolution in his house, and he wouldn't stand it, and he'd like me to know that woman's proper position was to serve man. That's what she was made for, and he would jolly well see that I understood it.

J.: What did you say?

I.: I told him he ought to stop talking about Social Reform when he kept a slave in the house, and I said Social Reform was rotten if it didn't reform things for women before anything else! I got so fired up I never noticed he was getting purple with rage. The next thing that happened was finding myself being hurled down the front door steps. I was so frightened, I ran away up the street as fast as I could. He hasn't paid me a penny for all the work I did. I'm quite looking forward to going down to claim my wages and letting him know who I am!

M.: We'll send a special reporter down with you, Miss Foljambe.

I.: Well, Papa, now you can understand why I have come home, can't you? I feel I ought to devote the rest of my life to freeing slaves; the married slaves in the home!

J.: You can't do anything worth while if you haven't got a vote. The Suffragettes told us that at a meeting outside the laundry one night.

I.: Then the sooner I get one the better!

(Enter Enid Foljambe. *Door opens very quietly, admitting a good-looking, fair-haired girl, dressed in an exaggeration of the latest fashion*

All *(in chorus)*: Enid!

I. and J.: Have you left, too?

(The P.M. *sits down heavily in his chair, with the air of a beaten man.)*

P.M.: To be at the height of my ambition, and have the cup dashed from my lips by my daughters! Oh, it's cruel, cruel! *(Buries his face in his hands.)*

Enid: What *is* the matter? *(Sighs with satisfaction as she sinks into a chair.)* Oh, dear, I've been on my legs for a week, and I'm tired! Thank goodness I'm at home again, and can sit down in peace!

P.M. *(turning fiercely on* Enid*)*: What have you returned for? Come on, give us your reasons. Your sisters haven't spared me. It's your turn now. *(Sits down with his back to her.)*

E. *(ignoring him)*: Just fancy, every time I sat down in shop I was fined! *(Turning to her father.)* I was fined so often that I thought I'd better come away before my bill got too large for you to pay. Oh, you can scarcely breathe in a shop without being fined! Really, I've had such an unpleasant time I feel I shall never get over it!

P.M.: You! It's I that will never get over this. You've ruined me, you three. I may as well retire from office at once. I shall resign tomorrow.

Isabel: Don't talk nonsense, Papa. You'll do nothing of the sort. You've got to give Votes to Women first!

P.M. *(desperately)*: Never.

J.: Very well, then. I shall go straight to the R.H.O.'s and put my name down for anything militant they want done. It will be rather awkward for you, won't it, to have snapshots of your daughters being arrested in all the papers? *(Turning to her sisters.)* Of course, you are coming with me?

I.: It's very sad, but, it seems, the only way to get anything done is to be violent; at least, if it's anything to do with *this* Government. Yes, I'll come.

E.: So will I. I feel so roused up at the way they've neglected shop-girls that I could blow up the House of Commons without a qualm!

(The P.M. *hides his face and groans.)*

J.: *(bending over him and patting his shoulder)*: Don't be silly, Papa. Remember you are in public, and face the situation. You shouldn't have sent us where our eyes would be opened, if you didn't want this to happen. Be thankful that we have all returned home safe and sound! Really, it's high time women who know came and stopped men making fools of themselves. Don't you think so, Mr. Marchmount?

M.: Well, if the rest of the women have their eyes opened as quickly as you, Miss Foljambe, there won't be much of a look-out left for us!

J.: I daresay it will be all you deserve! Now, then, Papa—"Yes" or "No"? A Woman Suffrage Bill this session, introduced as a Government measure, and to pass through all its stages. *(Turns to* F.*)* That's right, isn't it, Featherstone? *(F. nods.)* Or—your three daughters in Holloway Gaol? Choose!

(The P.M. *stands up and looks at his three daughters, who have also risen and stand close together, facing him unflinchingly. He tries to address them, but is overcome by their resolute attitude. Appeals to* M.*)*

P.M.: What shall I do, Marchmount?

M.: I hardly like to say, Sir. I shall get such first-rate copy for my papers if you refuse! Of course, I might suppress it, but these things have a way of coming out, somehow. Better give in. After all, it won't make much difference, when all's said and done, this Votes for Women business, and just think, you will go down to posterity as the bravest Prime Minister that ever existed—the one who wasn't afraid of women! There's something to be said for that, too, you know!

P.M. *(seeing his foundations crumbling)*: You've forced me to it. I give in; but remember, you have brought your father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave and shamed me to the world.

I. *(laughing)*: Nothing of the sort. Mr. Marchmount won't tell, and the policemen outside had better have a bribe out of the Treasury! Let's have it drawn up formally. Write it down, Featherstone. *(F. seats himself at the desk.)* You and Mr. Marchmount are the witnesses. Give me the Women's National Service Bill, Father. *(P.M. hands it to her obediently, and she tears it in several pieces and drops it in the waste-paper basket.)*

J.: There! No legislation without women in future! Hurrah! Votes for Women! Say it, Papa! Practise it now, in the right tone, so that it shall come easy to you in the House on Monday. Votes for Women! *(Urging him.)* Go on.

P.M. *(sulkily)*: Votes for Women.

J.: This session.

P.M.: This session.

CURTAIN.

[*Block kindly lent by "Daily Sketch."*

"Votes for Women! Say it, Papa! Practise it now in the right tone so that it shall come easy to you in the House"

ADESTE FIDELES

By John Scurr

Soon we shall hear the bells ringing out their Christmas message of peace on earth and goodwill towards men. Even the most callous amongst us cannot but feel the solemn appeal, and if only for a moment a generous impulse steals over all.

Yet by how many is the real significance of the Christmas celebration appreciated? Is it nothing to us who profess adhesion to Christianity that we honour the birth of a child, and in honouring the child we honour its mother, specially chosen from among women to bear the Redeemer of the World, without the assistance of man?

You may not accept the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; you may reject it as the mere fantasy of dreaming theologians. Yet to us who are suffragists, quite apart from theological considerations, it has a beautiful and real significance. The World must be redeemed through Woman.

* * * * *

Come with me along this street. It is evening; all around us glitter the lights of the shops; overhead flash the signs advertising all kinds of things for the use of man; crowds hurry by, some laughing, some sorrowing. Yet stay—who is this? Simply a woman. See, she smiles. What awful tragedy in that smile! Can anything be more terrible than the smile of the wanton? Yet it is her only hope of life. Somewhere a child wants food and clothes. The crowd hurries by, all too cruel. What matters it that a woman's body has been destroyed; a woman's soul has been blackened? And softly the bells ring out. Adeste Fideles. Laeti triumphantes.

* * * * *

"I will make it hell for her." There she lies in the prison cell. It is a place typical of our modern infamy, called civilization. Cold, precise, of regulation size, correct in all detail. And on the bed lies a human being. Battered, injured, waiting in terror, for the torturers are approaching. Men have risked their lives, have lost their health, fighting fell disease. Has it all been in vain? For the torturer is a doctor with all the skill and knowledge at his disposal, which these other men obtained so painfully. But the Law must be upheld in all its majesty; and besides, she is only a woman. Is it fancy, or have the bells a sound of mockery? Venite adoremus. Venite adoremus. Christum Dominum.

* * * * *

Stitch! Stitch! Stitch! Quickly the deft fingers hurry over the garment. For it must be completed to-night. True, the light is dim, and the eyes are not so bright as of yore. The fingers, too, are often pricked, which is a terrible nuisance, and it means delay to wipe them, for the garment must not be soiled. Hurry! Hurry! the task must get done. For two or three shillings hang in the balance. If the garment is not delivered in an hour, the master will have gone home, and payment will not be forthcoming. To-morrow is Sunday, too, and Tommy went to bed early crying, without his tea, because there was none for him. So speed, speed, speed. She is only a woman. The merry peal of the bells will help to make her fingers move the quicker. Adeste Fideles.

* * * * *

"Congratulations, my dear." "Your reception was a magnificent success." "To have succeeded in getting Lord Blaseall to come means a great deal to me." "With him on the Board of my new company it will be a huge success." "I must get you that diamond necklace." "My wife must not lack jewels, now we are ascending the social ladder." She smiles, and passes away to her room. For an hour or two afterwards she gazes out into the night, all kinds of rebellious thoughts coursing through her brain. Is this all that life means; is this the crown of wifehood? Simply to dress, to entertain, to flatter the crowd, that he, her husband, may attain to wealth and power! Is there nothing else for woman? Oh! would those bells were silent, with their sneering song. Venite adoremus! Venite adoremus! Hominum Dominum!

* * * * *

Soon will dawn another year. Is it to pass like this without the great act of reparation being made to woman? Is she still to be tortured, to be flattered, to be laughed at, to be placed in the inferior position? Or are we going to take our courage into our two hands and make the great restitution? We are on the eve of a great crisis in the history of the world. All, who are not blind, recognise that we are on the eve of a great social reconstruction. Social evils and injustices have been remedied before, but they have failed in their object because women have been left out. This must not happen again.

Let us then go forward during this coming year banded together, determined that under no circumstances shall it pass until we have placed woman in her rightful position, as a citizen, the equal of man.

Let every man determine that this question is of supreme importance. It is not politics. It is not a mere passing craze. It is a solemn act of justice, an Act of Reparation, an Act of Faith. Then

"Come all ye faithful
Joyfully triumphant,"

and make this next year the real year of grace, so that the Christmas Bells of 1914 will ring out with truth and joy; their song of justice done; of righteousness triumphant.

THE PLOW STOTS

A golden plough goes ploughing,
And behind that plough is the Lord Himself;
The holy Peter helps Him to drive,
And the Mother of God carries the seed-corn.
—From "Christmas. In Ritual and Tradition."

It is the coldest time in all the year, and a hard frost holds the earth as in a vice. The streams and rivulets are frozen, ice-cold, and silent, the sun hides his face, and the snow is falling, slowly, sullenly. It is winter, hard and relentless, and no life stirs in tree or flower. The village street is silent and deserted, for all who can, stay in doors in warmth and shelter.

But suddenly there is heard a shout, a sound of music and song and the clash of swords; every door is thrown open, and old folks and young crowd at the doorways, for the signal has been given that the winter is over and that the time of cold and darkness is passed, that the birds are returning to the countryside, that the sap is rising in the trees, and that the warmth and light of the sun is waxing stronger every day.

Six stalwart youths—the plow stots—dance, while in their midst is a decorated plough, symbol of man's work with the Sun god for the production of the fruits of the earth. For it is Plough Monday, the day of dawning and returning hope, the Christmas Day of the Nature religion, older in form than Christianity, curiously similar in essential truth and symbol.

And the sword dance symbolises the sacrifice of a human victim, not as propitiation to an angry god, but a slaying of the old dead year, and the renewal of life in the youth and hope of the future. And the victim was a willing and an honoured sacrifice, giving up his life that a fuller life might renew the earth and every tree and flower.

And following the shining plough, in olden days, came Mary, the Queen of Heaven, scattering the seed corn for the coming year, the symbol of earth's fruitfulness, and the reward of man's labour. The actual sun may not shine for many days, the streams may still be frostbound and the wind blow cold and harsh, but the promise of the springtime is certain, and from Plough Monday onwards the thoughts of men turn to summer and the pageant of the time of flowers and fruit.

To-day in England is the winter of our discontent, bigotry and prejudice keep us hide-bound; behind prison bars men and women lie silent and alone, the year dies, and of life there is no sign.

But the old symbolism which held the first spring festival in the depth of winter is as beautiful and as significant to-day as it ever was, and the faith which rejoiced in the return of the Sun god to his kingdom before ever his face could be seen was the faith which created the fulfilment of desire. Only by the ploughing of the fields in winter was the triumphant progress of the Earth Mother with her live seed corn made effectual and the future triumph of man made secure.

To-day the golden plough of our faith is turning the hard furrow of the past, and already the seed corn of life is being scattered far and wide, and for us, as for all men, it will ere long be true that—what we have sown that shall we reap.

Following the golden plough comes ever the Mother of God, scattering wide the seed of life.

Mary Neal.

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THE YEAR'S HISTORY OF

1.—OUR FORECAST

Conjurer Asquith: "Having put into the hat the watch borrowed from the little gentleman on the Front Bench, I wave my wand, and behold! I take out a rabbit."

Militant Suffragist: "The rabbit was there all the time! And you simply dropped the watch, though you promised to turn it into a Votes for Women flag!"

(January 3, 1913.)

2.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN THE BALANCE

(The first of the woman suffrage amendments to the Franchise Bill, the fate of which would depend upon the House of Commons, was introduced on January 24. This was before the Speaker's ruling caused the withdrawal of the Bill.)

(January 24, 1913.)

3.—THE PLAY—AND AFTER

November, 1911.
(Originally printed on November 17, 1911.)
Mr. Lloyd George: "I shall shout 'For Honour and the Women!' and advance to the fight. In the end you will pierce me through the heart, and I shall fall dead. After that the curtain will drop, and we shall go and have supper

January, 1913.
And they went!

(January 31, 1913.)

7.—MASTER HERBERT'S EASTER EGG

Master Herbert *(losing his temper)*: "Boo-hoo! I don't like this egg. It has been sat on too long!"

(March 21, 1913.)

8.—THE CHANGELING IN THE HOUSE OF LIBERALISM

Mr. Asquith has substituted for the traditional Liberal policy of extending the Franchise the illiberal principle of coercion.

(April 18, 1913.)

9.—YIELDING TO FORCE

Inspector Asquith *(to P.C. McKenna)*: "We can't resist the physical force represented by those three respectable citizens, so if they won't let the meetings go on peaceably you must prohibit them from being held."

(April 25, 1913.)

13.—MR. LLOYD GEORGE HITS OUT—AT HIMSELF.

Lloyd George, Democrat, to Lloyd George, Cabinet Minister: "Take that, and go and learn what real democracy means."

("They have overlooked the daring and indomitable love of liberty which has inspired men of British blood throughout the ages. . . . They are negotiating a revolution in this kingdom . . . with all the blind, headlong recklessness which has invariably characterised those who insist on retaining privileged positions in an age where all classes are possessed by manlier ideas than those which make privilege tolerable."—**Mr. Lloyd George at Carnarvon.**) (August 8, 1913.)

14.—THE BOY WHO BROKE HIS PROMISE

Naughty Herbert: "I tell you I didn't break my promise!"
Woman Suffragist: "Hush-sh! You must really try to practise resignation."

(Mr. Asquith, referring to the Government's failure to fulfil its Reform Bill pledge, informed the N.U.W.S.S. deputation that he "really could not put on a white sheet in regard to it.")

(August 15, 1913.)

15.—THE CAT THAT FAILED

Little Reginald *(to the cat)*: "I have to pretend you're a success before the other chaps. But if I were not such a good, humane little boy, I *should* like to drown you!"

(August 22, 1913.)

19.—THE CHAMPION BUBBLE BLOWER

(With apologies to the Proprietors of Pears' Soap.)

Land reformers are questioning the value of Mr. Lloyd George's land campaign. Women Suffragists have no doubts as to the value of Mr. Lloyd George's Suffrage promises.

(October 17, 1913.)

20.—WHAT AMERICA HAS NOT DONE

Mr. McKenna: "So you, too, have made yourself a laughing-stock over these Suffrage women. Shake hands on it!"
Uncle Sam's Immigration Department: "No, thank you. I may have made mistakes, but I have not been cruel and brutal like you!"

(October 24, 1913.)

21.—THE PATIENT LOVER

Troubadour Sir Edward Grey *(sings)*:—
I can't fix the day; for half my relations
Bring false accusations
Against you, my love; we perforce must have patience
And subsist on orations.
Meanwhile, don't be tricked by my rival's advances,
His coy Front Bench glances,
I assure you, like me, he is splitting no lances
And taking no chances.

(Sir Edward Grey said at Berwick that the Government could do nothing for Woman Suffrage because the Cabinet was divided—but he said the Opposition was in a similar position!)

(October 31, 1913.)

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CARTOON

4.—"WHAT A PITY IT WON'T GO QUIETLY!"

In the absence of a satisfactory Government pledge after the Reform Bill fiasco, all the woman suffrage societies demanded a Government measure, and militancy broke out.)

(February 7, 1913.)

5.—THE GOVERNMENT MISTAKES THE MILITANT SYMPTOM FOR THE DISEASE

Doctor Asquith *(to Britannia, who is suffering from internal disorder)*: "I do not like the look of your tongue: I propose to cut it out."

(February 28, 1913.)

6.—THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

Stage Villains *(pretending not to see the heroine)*: "Thank goodness, we've given that woman the slip at last!"
Voice from the Gods: "Garn, guv'nor! She's under your nose all the time!"

(March 14, 1913.)

10.—OUR ENLIGHTENED CABINET

On April 30 Lincoln's Inn House was raided by the police, the secretaries engaged in office work were arrested, and an attempt was made to suppress the official organ of the W.S.P.U. Just before this, the Suffrage meetings in the park had been proclaimed.

(May 2, 1913.)

11.—HERBERT TWEEDLEDUM AND EDWARD TWEEDLEDEE

"We must have a bit of a fight, but I don't care about going on long," said Tweedledum. "Contrariwise," said Tweedledee, "we'll go on for twenty-seven years, provided we're friends all the time." "And will it be a real fight?" said Alice. "Nohow," said Tweedledum. "If I thought Tweedledee meant business I shouldn't fight at all; I should run away."

(May 9, 1913.)

12.—BREAKING THE RULES

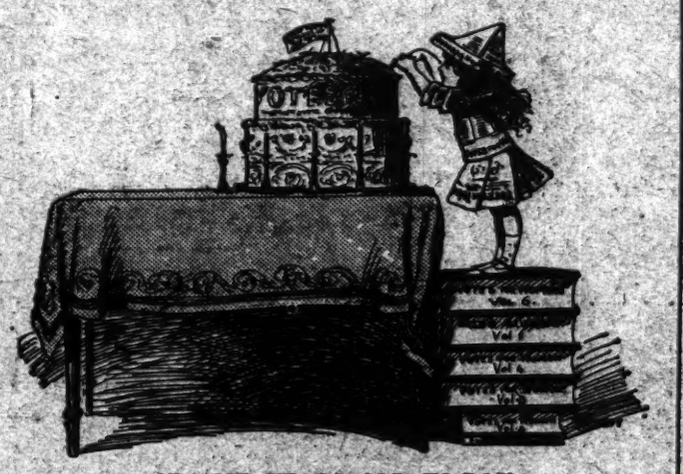
The "Manchester Guardian" compares "Ulsterettes" and "Suffragettes," and, admitting that the former go unpunished while the latter are prosecuted, hopes that this insalutary indulgence is now nearly at an end.

(May 30, 1913.)

16.—THE ULSTER GAME

Master Asquith and Master Redmond *(horrified)*: "Look here, don't ask that girl to play. She'll spoil the game!"
Master Edward Carson: "She'll spoil it much more if we don't let her play."

(September 19, 1913.)



17.—SIX YEARS OLD TO-DAY

The first number of "Votes for Women" was published in October, 1907.

(October 3, 1913.)

18.—LETTING THE CAT OUT

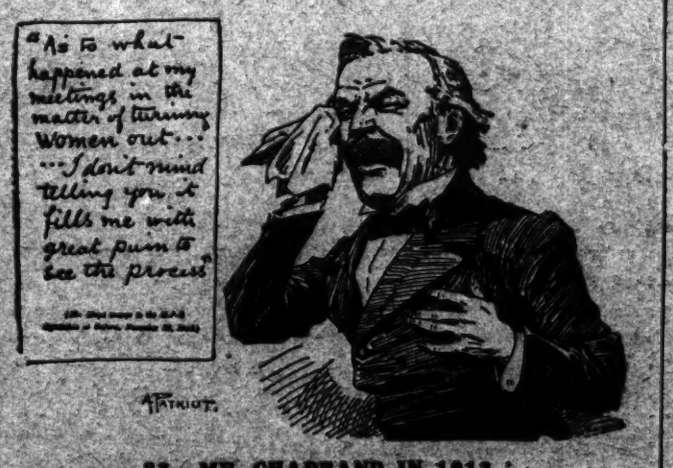
The Cook (Mrs. Humphry Ward): "O horror! I had disguised the cat so carefully in that pretty bag."
Pageboy (Sir Almroth Wright): "Garn! You're only a woman."
(In his book, Sir Almroth Wright says: "One would not be very far from the truth if one alleged that there are no good women, but only women who have lived under the influence of good men.")

(October 10, 1913.)

22.—THE VALUE OF THE VOTE

Mr. Larkin, backed by thousands of voters, is released unconditionally from Mountjoy Gaol, while voteless women are forcibly fed, or released under the Cat and Mouse Act.

(November 21, 1913.)



23.—MR. CHADBAND IN 1913

Mr. Lloyd George at Oxford, Nov. 22, 1913: "As to what happened at my meetings in the matter of turning women out . . . . I don't mind telling you it fills me with great pain to see the process."

(Mr. Lloyd George, at Swansea, October 1, 1908, suggested seeks for the women, and ordered them to be "flung out ruthlessly"; and at Wrexham Eisteddfod, September 6, 1913, regretted the lack of hazel sticks.)

(November 28, 1913.)

24.—THE ACROBAT

How much longer will he be able to do it?

(The year closes with many indications of a Suffrage rift in the Liberal rank and file.)

(December 19, 1913.)

NEW FICTION

A CLEVER SEQUEL*

Mr. Arnold Bennett the jester is quite a different person from Mr. Arnold Bennett the psychologist, and we sometimes hope that the two may be combined in some future work from his pen. At present, with the utmost cleverness and success, he keeps his two personalities entirely separate in his books, so that the left hand, which has written "The Regent," never betrays any knowledge of that greater right hand which is at work on the completion of the story of Hilda Lessways. We do not mean by this that we have not thoroughly enjoyed this latest gift from Mr. Bennett's left hand. No one who read and liked "The Card" could fail to like its sequel, "The Regent," in which that wholly delightful and irrepressible product of the Five Towns, Denry, develops under the influence of wealth into Edward Henry, and gets involved in a London theatrical enterprise. The most successful portion of the book is that which relates his experiences in Wilkins' (Claridge's?) Hotel, and the least successful is the final section where the suffrage movement is dragged in, rather obviously, we think, and as though to freshen up the story when it is beginning to hang fire. The whole episode of Miss Isabel Joy, the militant suffragist, who is induced for the sake of gaining large sums of money for her cause to appear on the boards of Edward Henry's theatre, is a little forced. But naturally we are prejudiced, as we are more likely to know than Mr. Arnold Bennett what militant suffragists are like. "The Regent" remains, when all is said that can be said in criticism of it, a pleasant piece of fooling with which to pass a week-end or a railway journey.

E. S.

"THE RUT"†

This is an able book. Presumably a first novel, it is not crude either in conception or construction, except that the last chapters are somewhat hurried compared with the leisurely pace of the preceding narrative. In the publisher's Press advertisement the book is described as "a novel of revolt against domesticities." It is not that: the revolt is not against domesticity but against mental suffocation. The story is that of a woman whose nature is not narrow, but whose will is weak, too weak to lift her out of the narrow groove in which she has been placed by circumstance and against which her inmost soul rebels. We see her first, imagining herself to be content in Fotheringay Villa with her orthodox husband and her orthodox ideas, her greatest ostensible trial the periodical visits of Cousin Martha. We see the forces of her nature awaking for the first time, all unconsciously to herself, at the age of forty-one. We see her carried away by those forces, see the woman who shrank appalled from the bare mention of an infringement of the sex code prepared to outrage that code to the uttermost; see her condemned by her son, sacrificed and abased by her daughter, forgiven with a hideous forgiveness by her husband, and brought back—a broken woman who has failed even to fall—into "the rut." The tragedy wrought by Laura is almost impossibly cruel, yet the facts of life prove it to be possible.

Not confessedly concerned with the Woman's Movement, this story yet bears directly upon it, touching, in the utter subjugation in conduct, in thought, in feeling, of millions of women in millions of homes, some of the springs which swell the volume and speed the current of its course.

G.

* "The Regent." By Arnold Bennett. (London: Methuen and Co. Price 6s.)

† "The Rut." By E. Hamilton Moore. (Erskine Macdonald. Price 6s.)

AMERICAN HUMOUR*

Samantha's way of putting the Woman Question is humorous, with American humour, which is not quite the same as English. Needless to say that, being humorous, Samantha is a suffragist, and also that she has a perception of the tragedy and injustice that underlie women's demand for the vote:—

> It has always been the boast of our American law that it takes care of wimmen. It took care of her. It held her in its strong, protectin' grasp so tight that the only way she could slip out of it was to drop into the grave, which she did in a few months. Then it leggo.

This is a description of a Senator:—

> He was kinder tall and looked out of his eyes and wore a vest. He wus some bald-headed, and wore a large smile all the while, it looked like a boughten one that didn't fit him.

The Senator argues that women are angels, and therefore need no vote. Says Samantha:—

> If women are angels, give 'em the rights of angels. Who ever hearn of an angel foldin' up her wings and goin' to a poor-house or jail through the fault of somebody else? Who ever hearn of an angel havin' to take in washin' to support a drunken son or father or husband? . . . if you're bound to make angels of wimmen, you ort to furnish a free safe place for 'em to soar in. You ort to keep the angels from being tormented and bruised and killed. . . .

It is when Samantha comes to militancy that she shows lack of understanding which arises from lack of knowledge. She seems to imagine that "our English sisters" have had no processions, have done none of the preliminary things that American women are doing now; she seems not to realise that fighting on this side of the Atlantic has made peaceable ways possible on the other. Samantha should "lay out" to learn more about her English sisters and their methods before she gets "eppisodin" about them.

G.

* "Samantha on the Woman Question." By Marietta Holley. (London: Revell and Co. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Report of the Proceedings of the English-Speaking Conference on Infant Mortality." Held at Caxton Hall on August 4 and 5, 1913. (London: National Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality. Price 3s. net.)

"The Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory." 1914. Edited by G. E. Mitton. (London: A. and C. Black. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

"The Great Scourge and How to End It." By Christabel Pankhurst, LL.B. (London: Lincoln's Inn House. Price 2s. 6d.)

"Popular Phrenology." By J. Millott Severn. (London: Rider. Price 1s. net.)

"The Religious Aspect of the Woman's Movement." Being a Series of Addresses Delivered at Meetings Held at the Queen's Hall, London, on June 19, 1912. (The Collegium, 32, St. George's Square, S.W. Price 4d.)

"EAGER HEART"

A Mystery Play

"Eager Heart" has now become one of our annual London Christmas observances, and this year, the tenth consecutive one of its production, it was more reverent and impressive than ever. A crowded audience received it in appreciative silence, at the first of the performances last Wednesday afternoon. Very beautifully and touchingly the Holy Family was presented; and their lines were musically and clearly given by Eager Heart and her sisters—really the same may be said of all the players. The dialogue generally wears well; the remarks of the shepherds on the present discontents were quite appropriate to the present year of grace. Too much praise cannot be given to the heavenly music, and the gorgeous costumes—indeed, the whole setting is excellent.

M. S. C.

PAPER-SELLING REPORT

Our paper sellers will this week be enjoying a well-earned Christmas; but even so, some are resolved not to lose any opportunity of furthering our cause, and intend getting the paper into fresh hands. One seller has expressed her intention of selling even on Christmas Day! This should encourage others to give up some part of their holiday time, if it is only half an hour. Come and take supplies from the office, directly you read this, for your Christmas sales.

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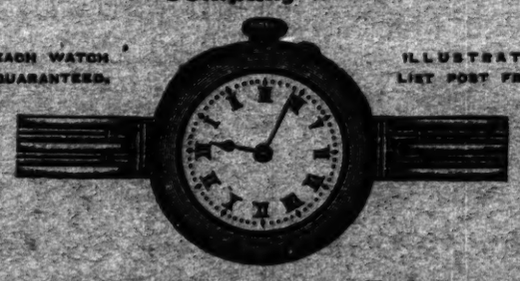

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COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Assaulting a Wife

The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* (December 15) reports case of a labourer charged at the Sheffield Police Court with assaulting his wife. He struck her to the ground and then continued to strike her, also striking another woman who took her part. He then followed his wife and knocked her down again and went on beating her till she was streaming with blood and unconscious. He was further charged with neglecting to maintain his wife and children.

Sentence: *Six months' hard labour for the assault and one month for neglect.*

Ill-treating a Horse

The *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* (December 15) reports case of driver and owner summoned at Chesterfield Police Court for ill-treating a horse. It was seen with another drawing a load of cement and going down hill on three legs. The driver said it had side bone.

Sentence: *Driver fined 2s. 6d. and costs; owner fined 10s. and costs.*

HEAVY SENTENCES

The *Times* (December 19) reports case of a labourer charged at the London Sessions before Judge Rentoul, K.C., with stealing a truck and three cases of clocks, and with receiving the goods knowing them to have been stolen. He had been previously convicted. He was found guilty of receiving the goods.

Sentence: *Four years' penal servitude.*

Killing a Pheasant

The *Western Times* (December 17) reports case of a farm labourer charged at the South Molton Town Hall before Mr. R. S. Bryan, Hon. G. W. Bampfylde, Mr. G. H. Crocker, and the Mayor, with unlawfully killing game without a licence. He had been seen to shoot a pheasant.

Sentence: *Fined 10s. and £1 13s. costs, or one month's hard labour.*

"CHILDREN AND CAULIFLOWERS"

Under this heading, the *Child's Guardian* (December) gives an instance of the contrast in punishments that VOTES FOR WOMEN has been exposing for some time past.

"Contrasts," it says, "are effective in bringing out the relative importance of things. The value put on health and life is still out of proportion to that put on property. Here is an extract from a daily paper issued in the Midlands: 'At A—— yesterday W. H., of N., was fined in all £1 5s. 6d. for neglecting his three children. At the same court, H. B., of P——, was ordered to pay £1 14s. for stealing cauliflowers belonging to W. C.'

"There is no mention of the number of cauliflowers stolen, but it would be interesting to know how many, as the penalty was 8s. 6d. more than that inflicted for the neglect of three children."

PENAL REFORM

"THE POLICE HAVE 'CARTE-BLANCHE'"

In view of the growing tendency on the part of the police to assault the peaceable public, especially when it is that part of the public which believes in woman suffrage, considerable interest attaches to the severe condemnation appearing in the last Quarterly Record of the Penal Reform League, of the action of the authorities who uphold such conduct on the part of the police. The writer is referring particularly to the dismissed charge of assault brought by Mrs. Cecil Chapman last summer against the policeman who assaulted her in the House of Commons, and he rightly says:

"As it stands it amounts to this, that people may be assaulted with violence and indignity by policemen in the House of Commons, and, if they cannot prove to the satisfaction of a court of law that a particular policeman committed a particular assault, then there will be no proper inquiry, no apology, no expression of regret. We feel justified in declaring that this action—or inaction—of the Speaker of the House of Commons, like that of the Metropolitan Magistrate, amounts practically to the condoning improper violence on the part of the police. Under certain understood conditions the police have carte blanche."

They are not "Well-trained Angels"

After pointing out that a similar scandal was perpetrated over the police violence shown to women on Black Friday, 1910, the writer proceeds to say:

"We find, then, that within the last few years the police have learned again and again that accusations against them of improper violence will not be properly inquired into, and that their own version will be accepted. If the police force consisted of so many particularly well-trained angels this state of affairs might be safe enough. But policemen happen to be human beings like the rest of us, and human beings, moreover, whose special work and organisation tend to make them hold together and support one another, and also tend to secretiveness."

HUMAN LIFE AND BAD HOUSING

Infant Death Rate—Health of Schoolchildren—State and Municipal Action

Sir James Crichton-Browne, speaking at the joint annual meeting of the National League for Physical Education and the Mansion House Council of Health and Housing, on December 12, declared that in our public day schools to-day it would be impossible to find ten absolutely sound children.

This sounds incredible. Yet while the death rate among infants and young children stands where it is, we cannot wonder that those who manage to struggle through to riper years are not of a high physical standard.

Some Startling Facts

At a recent meeting of the Hyde Corporation the problem of infantile mortality was once more under discussion. It was stated that the rate had decreased slightly during the last two or three years, but it had now risen to the appalling figure of 215 per 1,000 births.

Another terrible fact was disclosed by the Chairman of the Sanitary Committee, who said that *one-half the deaths* in the town during the last month were those of *children under five years of age.*

Is Bad Housing the Cause?

It was stated further that the Sanitary Committee had done something by closing a number of houses as unfit for habitation, but as no provision had so far been made to replace the closed houses with new ones, this had only caused overcrowding. Naturally!

More and more are we made aware of the importance of recognising bad housing as a prime cause both of the death-rate among children and of the low physical standard of those who survive. Yet the only attempt made to grapple with this perfectly plain fact is to tinker at the problem locally, as at Hyde. While the Government blocks even moderate Housing Bills, and then goes off for six months' holiday!

Property versus Human Life

It is the old story of property versus human life. The housing problem cannot be solved without rigorous State action on a large scale. What delay means can be to some extent shown by a quotation from an article on "Houses and Lives," by L. G. Chiozza Money which appeared recently in the *Daily News*. In it he says:

"The death-rate of the United Kingdom is about 14 per 1,000 per annum of the population. This rate expresses the averaging of some very wide variations—variations which express the difference between good housing and bad housing. There are places where the death-rate is about 20 per 1,000; there are other places where it falls below 10 per 1,000."

The latter rate, which means a saving in the United Kingdom of 184,000 lives per annum, could be achieved all over the country, maintains the writer of this article, by extensive rebuilding, and he calls on his readers to remember, not only "the hundreds of thousands unnecessarily slain" through the present state of things, "but that millions more survive to live lives which are cursed from the start by the ill-health caused by bad housing."

Why Women Want the Parliamentary Vote

He concludes by saying: "We must have conscious and direct effort, the State and the municipality joining hands."

Yet there are still "Anti's" who tell us that women can safeguard their true place, the home, by the possession of the municipal vote alone!

WAS EVE'S PLACE THE HOME?

"A woman ought to stay at home attending to the dinner," said the man who resents present-day tendencies.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton, "that's where the human race made its first great mistake. If Eve had been out lecturing instead of passing round the fruit, we'd have been spared an immense amount of trouble."—**Woman's Journal.**

THE SUPPORTED WIFE

"Why did you leave your husband?" asked the Westminster Coroner of a witness. "Because I could not afford to keep him," was the reply.—**Daily Press.**

THE REVOLUTIONARIES

BOMB EXPLOSIONS AT HOLLOWAY GAOL

Suffragists Suspected

Between nine o'clock and half-past, on Thursday evening (December 18), two bomb explosions occurred on the south-east side of Holloway Gaol, which resulted in two breaches being made in the prison walls, each about a foot in length, half above and half below the ground level. Many windows in the neighbourhood were broken by the force of the explosion, and in one house no fewer than twenty panes of glass were shattered. Great excitement was caused by the sound of the explosions, which occurred within half a minute of one another; a crowd rapidly assembled, and a strong force of police were soon on the scene.

Theories of the Explosion

The detectives who at once investigated the matter were of opinion that the explosion had been caused by the Suffragists. Two long pieces of fuse were found running across the moat from where the explosives were laid, to the garden wall of Nos. 10 and 12, Dalmeny Avenue, the former an unoccupied house and the latter tenanted by Suffragist sympathisers who have given hospitality to the women acting as pickets outside the prison.

It is said that a lock of woman's hair and a piece of hair ribbon were found in the garden of one of the houses, and the police were of opinion that these might have been blown off by the force of the explosion.

The wires were fired on the squib principle, and it is thought that dynamite was the explosive used. Had the place been banked up again after the bombs were laid, the whole wall, it is said, would have been wrecked. This lends colour to the theory advanced by the police that, as the *Evening Standard* puts it, "the affair was designed to scare prison officials rather than to do damage." Major Cooper Key, Home Office Inspector of Explosives, made an examination of the place on Friday last.

REVOLUTIONARY ACTIONS

The following incidents have been attributed in the Press to Suffragettes during the week:—

Tuesday, December 16.—Bottles of corrosive acid found in many pillar-boxes in Dublin. Large number of letters destroyed.

Thursday, December 18.—Boxes of black liquid found in Reading pillar-boxes.

Bomb explosion at Holloway Gaol.

Builder's shop and furniture depository burnt at Sutton, Surrey. Suffragists suspected, though no clue.

Friday, December 19.—Large coach and motor builder's warehouse at Sutton, Surrey, burnt, damage estimated at £1,000. Suffragists suspected; no clues.

Saturday, December 20.—Large unoccupied house at Lansdown, Bath, valued at £2,500, completely burnt; Suffrage literature found.

Sunday, December 21.—Alstone Manor, an unoccupied house near Cheltenham, partly burnt, damage about £400. Suffrage literature found.

The Beryl, an 800 tons steam yacht, owned by Lord Inverclyde, destroyed by fire while lying off Rosneath Pier, Gareloch. Suffragists suspected, though no clue found.

MRS. PANKHURST

Mrs. Pankhurst was sufficiently recovered from her last imprisonment and hunger strike to be able to leave London on Sunday for the Continent. It had been previously stated that she would return to England in time for the re-assembling of Parliament on February 10.

MISS RACHEL PEACE

We remind our readers that Miss Rachel Peace, whom the Government, with the aid of the shameful process of forcible feeding, have been able to keep in prison, is spending her Christmas in Holloway Gaol.

IN CHURCH, THEATRE AND RESTAURANT

Prayers were chanted for Mrs. Pankhurst on Sunday at the Barry Road Wesleyan Church, East Dulwich. On Saturday, during a performance of "Quality Street" at the Duke of York's, thousands of handbills were showered down on the stalls from the gallery. These were greeted with cheers and hisses, and it was some minutes before quiet was restored. A Suffragist made a speech from the gallery of Fuller's Restaurant in Regent Street on Saturday at luncheon time, while her two companions threw down leaflets. After a few minutes, they were quietly escorted to the door by the manager.

PRESS OPINIONS

A Government morally and mentally weak, yet trying to pretend it is strong, makes an odious exhibition of itself. Prison is a crude expedient at any time—in a sane State there would be no prisons—but our present "masters" have linked the institution with coarse barbarity. Britain and Ireland must be strangely preoccupied or very sick in heart and soul. Otherwise they would revolt against the torture-chambers and the torturers.—**Daily Herald.**

Mr. McKenna, like all coercionists, plunges from one brutal mistake to another, while all clear-sighted observers must see that there is no ultimate safety for him save in full retreat and repentance.—**Irish Citizen.**

THE AMERICAN RETORT

The young husband was talking impatiently to his wife about the English militants. "What if the House of Commons did let the women's Bill come to its third reading? It wouldn't do any good—the House of Lords would throw it out."

Quick as a flash the wife threw back, "Not when the House of Lords have all married American wives! *They* won't throw out the women's Bill!"—**Woman's Journal.**

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THE PEOPLE'S FOOD

Poison in Meat and Milk—What is Raspberry Jam?—Legislation Called For—Pure Food Where Women Vote

POISON IN MEAT

ACT OF PARLIAMENT WANTED

A committee is being formed to agitate for reform in the butcher's shop and the abattoir in order to ensure cleanliness in the handling of meat. Interviewed by a newspaper representative, one of the prime movers in this new agitation is reported to have said, when asked what remedies he suggested:—"In the first place enforcement of cleanliness by Act of Parliament. The Central Markets should be under more strict supervision, and the meat should be handled by men under supervision as well."

A Shorter Cut to Food Reform

Act of Parliament! And all the while the housewives of the nation are deprived of the voting power which is needed to force such an Act through Parliament. We should strongly advise that committee to take a shorter cut to food reform than the one suggested, by turning themselves promptly into a Suffrage Society. It would save a lot of time in the long run!

"NEED FOR A MILK BILL"

Under the above heading the *Morning Post* (December 13) gave an account of a paper read by Dr. Joseph Cates to the Society of Medical Officers of Health on "The Sale of Milk."

Existing Legislation Insufficient

In reviewing the legislation and Orders now dealing with the sale of milk, Dr. Cates said that existing powers might reasonably be thought sufficient to enable authorities to secure unsophisticated milk for customers, but that this was far from being the case was known to all those engaged in the public health services.

The main cause of the low quality of milk, continued Dr. Cates, was adulteration euphemistically known as "toning." This consisted of the addition to rich milk of water or skimmed milk sufficient in amount to bring the mixture into line with the minimum legal requirements. There was an extensive illicit trade in skimmed milk.

"Comprehensive Legislation"

Dr. Cates concluded by saying it was high time that the whole question of the production and sale of milk was dealt with by comprehensive and complete legislation aimed to secure uniform administration throughout the country.

We fully agree that it is "high time" that the people should get what they pay for when they try to buy pure milk. But knowing, as we do, that the Pure Milk Bill now before Parliament was shelved only last session in favour of measures that do not affect the public health, but have party votes behind them, we can only repeat what we have often said before, that this class of reform will never be effectively dealt with until women get the vote.

NOMINAL FINE FOR ADULTERATING MILK

The *Derbyshire Times* (December 13) reports the case of a milk vendor prosecuted at Chesterfield Borough Police Court for selling milk with 7.7 per cent. of added water. It was termed in Court "a deliberate filtration and letting down by water" to the extent named. For this offence the defendant was ordered to pay the inconsiderable fine of 10s. and costs.

WHEN RASPBERRY MEANS APPLE

It is true that there is nothing injurious in apple pulp as in so many of the so-called "preservatives" with which our food is adulterated. But when we pay for raspberry jam and receive in exchange for our money a substance of which at least 10 per cent. is apple pulp, we have a genuine right of complaint against the grocer who has sold it as raspberry jam while labelling it as containing "the choicest fresh fruit and refined sugar, improved with fruit juice."

What is "Improvement"?

A grocer was summoned at Marylebone Police Court on December 12 for selling raspberry jam of the kind described above. Mr. Paul Taylor, in giving his decision, said he had no hesitation in saying that the word "improved" was a misleading description and did harm. He should find that the jam had been sold to the prejudice of the purchaser, and that the disclosure on the label was insufficient to protect the seller. At the same time, he acquitted the defendant of any intention to defraud. He would be fined 40s., with £15 15s. costs.

THE WOMAN'S VOTE AND THE GROCER

The connection between politics and the home, especially with regard to pure food and the public health, was dealt with in a speech made at New York the other day by Senator Helen Ring Robinson, who not only has a vote in Colorado, but sits as a Senator in the Legislature of that State.

The Home-Maker in Parliament

The point she was making was that it was the womanly woman who was wanted in politics, not the woman who tried to "think like a man."

"I took to the Legislature," she said, "the spirit of the housekeeper and the home-maker. It is not only the farmers, the doctors, and the railroads who have representatives there. The grocer has his representative, too; and I can tell you that the housewives in Colorado are very glad that they have their representative to watch him. A man representing the grocers' combine said he would like to know the reason why, after all his work, his Bill didn't get through.

"I don't mind saying that I was one of the reasons.

Housekeeping at the Polls

"I do fully one-half of my housekeeping at the polls. A great deal of your housekeeping is done in the City Council, behind which is the State Legislature. How about the streets and the garbage cans, and so many things which have direct connection with the home life?

"A garbage can is a galvanised iron can entirely surrounded by politics."

FOOD LAWS WHERE WOMEN HAVE THE VOTE

Bills affecting the sale and distribution of the people's food do not appear to be shelved in those countries where women have the vote, judging by the laws passed in the enfranchised States of America.

In California

In California the following Food Laws have been passed since women won the vote in 1911: A Cold Storage Law, a Milk Inspection Law, a law prohibiting destruction of any foodstuff fit for human consumption.

With regard to the last piece of legislation, suffragists who have been to prison can testify that if such a law were made in this country, the prison authorities would have to reform their ways. The reckless waste of the food that is not finished by the prisoners, especially of bread, is one of the first things that strikes the woman housewife, who, in the course of her political career, finds herself in Holloway Gaol.

In Other States

Pure Food Laws have also been passed in several other American States since women have had the vote there—in Colorado, Utah, and Idaho, for instance, to name only three. The sanitary inspection of stock, treatment of diseased animals, and regulation and inspection of slaughter-houses, are further Acts, combining humanity and care for the public health, which have been passed in more than one State since the women were enfranchised. Laws regulating the sale of milk and drugs, also of ice cream, have been passed in Colorado, in Oregon, in Idaho, as well as other States where women vote. And to show how effectual these are, we need only quote afresh the words of Mr. Wallis, State Dairy Inspector in Idaho, when interviewed on the subject last summer.

"Not a drop of milk is sold in Idaho now," he said, "that is not bottled right at the dairy where it is produced. . . . If we find bottles of milk with sediment in them we don't have to analyse the milk. We just seize it and sell it for pig feed, or destroy it."

We should like the mothers of Idaho to see the milk that is sold in the London streets and given to the London baby to drink!

RISE IN THE COST OF LIVING

An interesting table showing the rise in the retail prices of food in 1912 is given in the Abstract of Labour Statistics of the United Kingdom for 1912, just issued by the Board of Trade. Taking in every case the figure for the average expenditure on articles by working-class families in 1900 as 100.0, the comparative figures for 1912 work out as follows:—

Bread, 119.5.	Butter, 113.8.
Flour, 118.5.	Eggs, 114.1.
Rice, 111.2.	Cheese, 117.3.
Tapioca, 148.5.	Tea, 103.5.
Oatmeal, 123.4.	Coffee, 109.0.
Potatoes, 95.9.	Cocoa, 100.0.
British beef, 108.9.	Sugar, 137.7.
Imported beef, 126.7.	Jams, 127.6.
British mutton, 100.4.	Treacle, 109.1.
Imported mutton, 106.5	Marmalade, 128.6
Pork, 103.3.	Currants, 98.0.
Bacon, 132.3.	Raisins, 119.5.
Milk, 102.0.	

Thus it will be seen that the only articles which were cheaper were potatoes and currants.

It is just this rise in the prices of household commodities that adds the last straw to the burden of the working-class woman who has to make both ends meet in the home. Can it be wondered at that she demands her share in the public control of the forces that bring about these fluctuations in the cost of living?

THE MOVEMENT ABROAD

IN AUSTRALIA

THE AGE OF CONSENT BILL

The *Woman Voter* (November 11) contains the following interesting item of news concerning the Age of Consent Bill which has been before the Legislative Assembly of Victoria:—

"Mr. McLachlan's Bill to raise the age of consent, which is at present sixteen [as in England] to eighteen, passed the Legislative Assembly on November 5 on the voices."

The Women's Opinion

The successful passage through the Lower House of Mr. MacLachlan's Bill has been greeted with satisfaction as an instalment of reform by the Women's Political Association (of which Miss Vida Goldstein is President), although they regret that the age of consent has not been raised to 21 and that the sections dealing with attempted assaults upon girls have been eliminated. They feel, however, that it is wiser to accept even this measure of reform than to hold out for the Bill as originally drafted, realising that by not widening its provisions its chances of success will be strengthened in the Legislative Council (Upper House), as it is not a Government measure.

IN NEW ZEALAND

SOCIAL REFORM WHERE WOMEN VOTE

(From our Special Correspondent.)

In connection with a campaign for social reform which has been carried on recently by the woman voters of New Zealand, Lady Stout has been lecturing over there to large audiences of men on a matter too long left in silence—the responsibilities of fatherhood. To an English observer New Zealand is in this respect a remarkably advanced country. The Society for the Promotion of the Health of Women and Children (called for brevity's sake the Plunket Society) conducts a splendid work in every part of the country, through its staff of trained nurses and through a friendly Press, for the education of parents, especially as regards the preservation of infant life.

New Zealand Child has Two Parents

One result which forcibly strikes a visitor from the homeland is the keen interest taken by *both* parents in the question, enquiries for information at the offices of the Society and letters in the Press coming almost as frequently from the fathers as from the mothers. But the question of pre-natal conditions has not yet been considered.

Lady Stout has boldly and faithfully spoken out regarding the effect of the health of the father on the innocent mother and unborn child. The men of New Zealand have everywhere listened with grateful sympathy to her appeal for purity and for the establishment of a single standard of morality for both sexes.

Harriet C. Newcomb.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE WOMEN'S VOTE

Laws Passed Since 1893

A report in the *Otago Times* (October 11) gives an interesting speech made at Auckland on October 9 last by Mrs. Pudney, local President of the Women's Christian Temperance Association. In it, she enumerated some of the measures of social reform which had become law since New Zealand women won the vote in 1893. Among these were the Infant Life Protection Act, the Act to regulate the adoption of children, the Industrial Schools Amendment Act, the Juvenile Smoking Suppression Act, and the Servants Registry Act. The Shop Assistants Act, which safeguarded the interests and health of shop girls and bettered the conditions under which they worked, and the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, which granted an equal standard of morality, a divorce for wilful desertion for five years, for habitual drunkenness, failure to support a wife, or cruelty, were both measures vitally important to women, and these had come into being since 1893. There was also the Criminal Code Amendment in the direction of purer morals, and an Act enabling women to receive compensation for slander without proving special damage, which had both been productive of much good. Everyone realised the benefits conferred on women by the Summary Legal Separation Act, while the Factory Act recognised the principle of equal pay for equal work, and the Old Age Pensions Act acknowledged the principle of the economic partnership of husband and wife.

Women and the Law

With regard to education and admission to the practice of the higher paid professions, some splendid laws had been passed. Women could now practise the law, and technical schools giving equality of opportunity to both sexes had been established.

Women, concluded the speaker, were not concerning themselves with politics to the neglect of their homes, but to protect them. Much had been done for the protection of their homes and children, but much remained to be done. What was wanted was free representation in Parliament. On the twentieth anniversary of the granting of suffrage it behoved them to make a big effort to have this desired amendment in the Franchise Act passed.

IN CAPE TOWN

We gave, a few weeks ago, an account of the first open-air meeting held in Cape Town, on November 9. The following interesting notice has been sent us by Miss Harriet Newcomb, who held the meeting and spoke on the effect of the woman's vote in Australia and New Zealand, where she had just been touring in the interests of Woman Suffrage:—

It is interesting to note that the spot chosen for the first unfurling of a flag inscribed "Votes for women," was the scene of the landing, early in the seventeenth century, of Van Riebeek, the first and one of the greatest of the Dutch Governors. It is now the entrance to the city, and the magnificent cliffs and rugged buttresses of Table Mountain tower in the background.

The crowd assembled on this occasion, numbering about 200, listened with marked attention, and frequent applause encouraged the speaker.

IN CALIFORNIA

We have already mentioned in Votes for Women the reform effected by the Women's Hospital for Children in Harrow Road in establishing a nine hours day (including meal times) for the nurses employed there, a working day that is in strong contrast to that of the great majority of nurses. In California, where women are enfranchised, an eight hours law for nurses in training was passed a few months ago, but aroused so much opposition in the hospitals that it was to a very great extent evaded. A Californian correspondent now writes to tell us:—

"The courts, in a decision of December 1, have upheld the eight hour law as extended to nurses in training. This is one more victory for California women. It includes the six days a week limit also."

Chapter 5

Steam is Necessary for Engines

—there is no need for it in the wash-house.

With ordinary soaps, perhaps. But not with Fels-Naptha.

Clothes are whiter, sweeter, cleaner when washed with Fels-Naptha in the Fels-Naptha way.

Just soaking and rinsing in cold or lukewarm water, with a very little rubbing to bring out the loosened dirt.

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CORRESPONDENCE

PASSIVE RESISTANCE

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—Will you kindly allow me space to inform all your correspondents who write suggesting an organised money and work strike that there is already an organisation in the Suffrage Movement for this express purpose: the League of Justice. This League has for the last six months been organising in a practical manner to promote a policy of action which takes in *all* the suggestions recently made in your correspondence columns. Its programme was written by me, and I shall be very pleased to send the leaflet and other literature to anyone who is desirous to join in the work. The League has done very well in the short time it has been in existence. It has just published a leaflet for distribution among the tradespeople electors of the country, which its members are busy circulating. As funds do not allow of this being done by post on a large scale, I should be very glad if those persons who write that they are in sympathy with our programme would help in the distribution of the leaflet by hand.—I am, yours very truly,

GWYNNETH E. CHAPMAN,
Hon. Organiser League of Justice.
22, South Molton Street, W.

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—I was much pleased to see from the letter of C. E. Ireland in last week's issue of VOTES FOR WOMEN that Instruisto's recommendation that, under existing circumstances, no social service should be given by Suffragists, has not been lost sight of. But I regret to see the writer puts in the forefront the refusal to pay taxes.

Instruisto's policy would be vefy effective because, owing to its lawfulness, it could be carried out by everyone without fear of any unpleasant results. But refusal to pay taxes, a policy already adopted by the Tax Resisters' League, does involve, whatever its merits may be, legal consequences which everyone cannot face.—Yours, &c.,

M. W. BULL.

SUFFRAGE LEAFLETS

To the Editors of VOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dear Editors,—May I make a suggestion as to the distribution of leaflets? Will members find out in their neighbourhood some small shop in the poorer districts where the shopkeeper will consent to enclose leaflets in parcels? Of course, the things sold must be dry, like groceries or draperies; and at an old clothes' shop, for instance, back numbers of papers might be enclosed in the larger parcels.

Only enthusiastic Suffragists should be dealt with, as otherwise the leaflets will simply be destroyed. Of course, the leaflets should be supplied to them free of charge. Those which accentuate the differences between the various societies should not be used. Promises of help should be asked for at meetings where it is apparent that a number of small shopkeepers are present. To save trouble, the leaflets may be folded ready before being handed to the shopkeeper. By this method one gets at numbers of people who would otherwise be quite out of reach, and with a minimum of effort.—Yours, &c.,

FLORENCE R. GIBB, Ex-Hon. Sec.
Windsor and Eton U.V.W.S.S.
50, Adelaide Road, South Hampstead.

COMING EVENTS

The East London Federation of the W.S.P.U. and the Kensington W.S.P.U. are organising a Suffrage School to be held in Bow, December 29, to January 4, and in Kensington, January 5 to January 11. Tickets and information from Miss E. Jenkins, 321, Roman Road, E.

The East London time table contains the following lectures: December 29, 4 p.m., "History of the Suffrage Movement," Mr. H. Laski; December 30, 9 p.m., "Working Women's Lives," Mrs. Scurr; December 31, 4 p.m., "Legal Position of British Wife and Mother," Mrs. A. J. Webbe; 8 p.m, "Effect of Forcible Feeding on Suffrage Prisoners," Dr. Flora Murray; January 2, 6 p.m., "The Place of the Female in Life," Dr. Jessie Murray; 8 p.m., "Some Fights for Freedom," Mr. H. W. Nevinson; January 3, at 6 p.m., "Sex Hygiene in Schools," Miss Bonwick. There will also be dinner-hour meetings, visits to factories, and an entertainment by the Actresses' Franchise League.

The New Constitutional Society will hold a meeting at the N.C.S. Hall, Park Mansions Arcade, on January 6 at 3 p.m. Speakers, Dr. Flora Murray and Mrs. Cecil Chapman.

HIS PRACTICAL WIFE

Good, absent-minded old Dr. Wilder was greatly dependent upon his practical wife. One morning Mrs. Wilder sent up an announcement after he had entered the pulpit, with a footnote intended to be private. "The Women's Missionary Society," he read aloud, "will meet Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Your necktie is crooked; please straighten towards the right."—**The Woman's Journal.**

SUFFRAGE DIRECTORY

Actresses' Franchise League,
2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Artists' Suffrage League,
259, King's Road, S.W.

Australian and New Zealand Women Voters' Association,
C/o International Women's Franchise Club, 9, Grafton Street, W.

Catholic Women's Suffrage Society,
55, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.

Church League for Women's Suffrage,
6, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

Civil Service Suffrage Society,
19, Sotheby Road, Highbury.

Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association,
48, Dover Street, W.

Federated Council of Women's Suffrage Societies,
14 St. James' Street, S.W.

Forward Cymric Suffrage Union,
53, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.

Free Church League for Women's Suffrage,
2, Holmbury View, Upper Clapton.

Friends' League for Women's Suffrage,
Walden, Gloucester.

Gymnastic Teachers' Suffrage Society,
2, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.

International Suffrage Shop,
11, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

International Woman Suffrage Alliance,
7, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

International Women's Franchise Club,
9, Grafton Street, W.

Irish League for Woman Suffrage,
The Union of the Four Provinces Club, 16, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Irishwomen's Franchise League,
Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick St., Dublin.

Irishwomen's Reform League,
29, South Anne Street, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage and Local Government Association,
163, Rathgar Road, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage Federation,
29, South Anne Street, Dublin.

Irishwomen's Suffrage Society,
27, Donegall Place, Belfast.

Jewish League for Woman Suffrage,
32, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

League of Justice,
22, South Molton Street, W.

London Graduates' Union for Woman Suffrage,
Chester Gate Ealing.

Marchers' Quie Vive Corps,
Duncton, Petworth, Sussex.

Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage,
34 and 35, Ludgate Chambers, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

Men's League for Woman Suffrage,
136, St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

Men's Political Union for Women's Enfranchisement,
13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

Men's Society for Women's Rights,
65, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, W.C.

Munster Women's Franchise League,
83, Grand Parade, Cork.

National Industrial and Professional Women's Suffrage Society,
5, John Dalton Street, Manchester.

National Political League,
Bank Buildings, 14, St. James' Street, S.W.

National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies,
14, Gt. Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.

New Constitutional Society for Woman Suffrage,
8, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge.

Northern Men's Federation for Women's Suffrage,
6, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

People's Suffrage Federation
31-2, Queen Anne's Chambers, Tothill St., S.W.

Scottish Churches League for Woman Suffrage,
11, Howe Street, Edinburgh.

Scottish Federation for Women's Suffrage
2, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.

Spiritual Militancy League,
46, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.

Suffrage Atelier,
Office: 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.
Studio: 6, Stanlake Villas, Shepherd's Bush, W.

Suffrage Club,
3, York Street, St. James', S.W.

"Suffrage First" Committee,
4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Suffragist Churchwomen's Protest Committee,
21, Downside Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.

United Religious Woman Suffrage Societies
13, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, E.C.

Votes for Women Fellowship,
4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Women Sanitary Inspectors' Suffrage Society,
83, Sutherland Avenue, W.

Women's Freedom League,
1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.

Women's Silent Co-operation for Freedom
10, Southfields Road, Eastbourne.

Women's Social and Political Union,
Lincoln's Inn House, Kingsway, W.C.

Women's Tax Resistance League,
10, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

Women Teachers' Franchise Union,
27, Murillo Road, Lee, S.E.

Women Writers' Suffrage League,
Gosehen Buildings, Henrietta Street, W.C.

ITALIAN SOAP

It has been said that the women of Italy owe their beautiful complexions to the fact that they use soap made from pure olive oil. Such soap can now be obtained in London; it is made by the famous Italian firm, Chiozza and Turchi, of Ferrara. There are different kinds of "C. and T." soap—the "Royal Savoy" for the toilet and the "Castile" for the toilet and nursery. It can also be obtained for medical and industrial purposes, and in a liquid or a powder. The soap varies in price, and can be bought at all high-class stores and shops, or at the wholesale agents, Messrs. Boddington and Kulassy, 34-36, Oxford Street.

A WINTER SALE

On Monday, December 29, Mr. Alfred Day, 51 and 52, Park Street, Regent's Park, is commencing his winter sale. As usual, he is making large reductions on all his goods, and some really genuine bargains appear in his price list, many coats and skirts ranging at prices between £2 and £3. Evening dresses and cloaks are also reduced. Particular attention is given to orders by post, and patterns are sent post free.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Those requiring boots and shoes should certainly visit Messrs. Hanan Genell, 328-332, Oxford Street, during their coming sale. One very striking item in this will be black and brown brogues reduced to 12s. per pair. The satin and indoor shoes must also be mentioned. There is practically every sort and style of footgear at a reduced price.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The WOMEN'S CORRESPONDENCE BIBLE CLASS sets forth many unknown, or neglected, facts regarding the true position of woman in God's economy, as revealed in the Bible. The Lessons could not offend the most orthodox, while at the same time they are suited to all interested in the subject. Many most eminent Christian women workers have pursued the Three Years' Course. 10s. 6d. per year of 48 Lessons. 12 trial Lessons 3s. Write for circular.

OTHER LITERATURE ON SAME TOPIC: The Woman's Catechism, *101 Questions Answered* (7d.); *Covet to prophesy* (6d.); *The Badge of Guilt and Shame* (6d.); *The Scriptural Eve* (7d. per doz.); *Women Preachers* (4d. per doz.).

ON KINDRED TOPICS: *The Queen's Daughters in India* (1s. 3d.)—a recital of personal investigations by Elizabeth Andrew and Katharine Bushnell into the abominable treatment of native girls in India, for the object of controlling disease among the British soldiers. *Heathen Slaves and Christian Rulers* (1s. 2d.)—similar investigations by the same persons as to Chinese women under the British flag, showing that they were *officially*, though covertly, set outside the protection of the Anti-Slavery Proclamation, by the C.D. Ordinance of Hong Kong. *A Clean Life* (1s. 2d.)—the Scriptural principles of purity.

All these will be sent post-paid. U.S.A. postage stamps received at 2cts. for 1d. No other foreign postage. Address, Katharine Bushnell, 3, Leicester St., Southport

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A special study made of fitting from pattern Bodices or Self-measurement Form.

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Advantages.—The holder may be attached to any ordinary Coat Holder. No pins are necessary Being collapsible it takes up very little space, and is convenient for packing.

It is made of highly polished wood with nickelled chains and hooks, and costs 2s. 11d., post free, of

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Single insertion, 24 words or less, 2s., 1d. per word for every additional word (four insertions for the price of three)

All advertisements must be prepaid. To ensure insertion in our next issue, all advertisements must be received not later than Tuesday afternoon. Address, the Advertisement Manager, VOTES FOR WOMEN, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

NEXT SUNDAY'S SERVICES

ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, W. —December 28: 11, Margaret McMillan, "Ethics of the Housing Question"; 7, Mr. Golding, "The Free Man's Faith."

ST. MARY-AT-HILL.—Church Army Church, Eastcheap. Sundays, 9 and 6, views, orchestra, band. Prebendary Carlile.

THEATRES

ROYAL COURT THEATRE. — Proprietor, Mr. J. H. Leigh. — CHILDREN'S THEATRE SEASON. EVERY AFTERNOON, at 3, beginning MONDAY, December 29. MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, Triple Bill by Netta Syrett, THE FAIRY DOLL, THE STRANGE BOY, THE ENCHANTED GARDEN. THURSDAYS, FRIDAYS, SATURDAYS, THE COCKYOLLY BIRD, by MRS. PERCY DEARMER. Seats may now be booked Tel. 848 Gerrard.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE MEETINGS.

TUESDAY, January 6, at 3 p.m., in the New Constitutional Hall, Park Mansions Arcade. Dr. Flora Murray, "Forcible Feeding and its Effects," Mrs. Cecil Chapman; chair, Mrs. Hartley.

BOARD RESIDENCE, Etc.

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LONDON, W.C.—113, Gower Street. Refined home; breakfast, dinner, and full board Sunday; cubicle, 15s. 6d.; rooms, 19s. 6d. to 25s.; gentlemen, 19s. 6d.; bed and breakfast, 3s.

PRIVATE HOTEL, for Ladies only; quiet and refined; 13, St. George's Square, Westminster; bedroom, breakfast, bath, and attendance, from 4s. 6d.—Write or wire Miss Davies.

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FURNISHED ROOMS, 3 or 4 (good suite), to Let, with attendance, in charming old-fashioned house on Surrey common; privacy and freedom; no other visitors; 2 miles station; lovely garden, charming neighbourhood, 21s. to 25s. weekly.—Write Mrs. Richmond, 2, Lyndale, Child's Hill, N.W.

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LARGE ROOM to Let, suitable for Meetings, At Homes, Dances, Lectures. Refreshments provided.—Apply Alan's Tea Rooms, 263, Oxford Street.

NEW CONSTITUTIONAL SOCIETY'S HALL in Knightsbridge to be let for meetings, &c. —For all particulars apply Secretary, N.C.S.W.S., 4, Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge.

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BOOKS

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64-PAGE BOOK about HERBS and HOW TO USE THEM, free. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Road, Cardiff. Established 1879.

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WANTED, GENERAL or USEFUL Help.—Work of house and good plain cooking; one lady; gas cooking and heating; half-hour by rail from London, 5 minutes from station, Kent; state age, salary, length of reference, and photo to—Box 492, VOTES FOR WOMEN, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

WOMEN'S TAX RESISTANCE LEAGUE requires Additional Secretary middle of February. Office work essential, speaker desirable.—Apply by letter on or before January 12 to Secretary, 10, Talbot House, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

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BULBS, Plants for spring bedding, Wallflowers, Silene, Forget-me-nots, &c. Alpine plants, boxes of cut flowers, Chrysanthemums, Carnations, Lilies, Violets, from 1s. 6d. Pruning of fruit trees and roses, also advisory work undertaken. Vacancy after Christmas for student.—Miss C. M. Dixon, Elmcroft Nurseries, Edinbridge, Kent.

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3.—To sell VOTES FOR WOMEN in the streets or by house to house canvass.
4.—To obtain new subscriptions for three or six months to the paper.
5.—To deal as far as possible with the firms that advertise in VOTES FOR WOMEN.
6.—To canvass newsagents with the purpose of securing the display of VOTES FOR WOMEN posters.
7.—To secure new members for the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship.
8.—To contribute to the VOTES FOR WOMEN Fellowship Fund, for various purposes, including the upkeep of the paper.
9.—To extend by other methods of service the influence of the Fellowship and the circulation of the paper.

Objects.—To dispel the ignorance that exists in the mind of the public with regard to the "Votes for Women" agitation.

To tell the true story of the Movement, both in its constitutional and militant development, and also to show the causes that have produced and are still fomenting the present revolt.

The "Votes for Women" Fellowship is not a Suffrage Society, but an association of friends who desire to work together for the accomplishment of a very distinct and definite purpose. It does not compete in any way with any Suffrage organization. Membership is open to men and women who belong to any of the Suffrage societies, both militant and non-militant, and also to men and women who are not hitherto connected with the Suffrage movement or committed to any Suffrage party or policy.

Please enrol me as a member of the "Votes for Women" Fellowship.

Name.....

(Please state whether Mrs., Miss, or Esq., etc.)

Full Address.....

TO SUFFRAGIST SPEAKERS.—Miss ROSA LEO, Honorary Instructor in Voice Production and Public Speaking to the W.S.P.U Speakers' Class, requests those desirous of joining her private class or taking private lessons to communicate with her by letter to 45, Ashworth Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W. Separate classes for men. Mr. Israel Zangwill writes:—"Thanks to your teachings, I spoke nearly an hour at the Albert Hall without weariness. . . . while my voice carried to every part of the hall."

PROFESSIONAL

TO GIRLS seeking a healthful and attractive calling.—Anstey College for Physical Training and Hygiene, Chester Road, near Birmingham. Offers a full professional training in Swedish, educational, and medical gymnastics, dancing, swimming, games, anatomy, hygiene, &c. Health students also received. Special treatment for curvatures, anæmia, &c. Good posts obtained after training.

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